

14

THE
STATE DUNCES.

Inscribed to

Mr. P O P E.

*I from my Soul sincerely hate
Both —— and M——rs of State.*

SWIFT.

PART II. Being the Last.



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МОНОГРАФИИ

СЕРІЯ ДЛЯ ВІДКРИТОГО ЧАСТОПРИЧІСЛЮЩЕНОГО

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T H E
S T A T E D U N C E S :

Inscribed to

Mr. P O P E.

ONCE more, O *Pope*, I take the Pen in Hand,
To lash the *guilty Great Ones* of the Land ;
Satire, I find, is laid aside in vain,
Fresh *Dunces*, see, appear a num'rous Train ;
Dunces to Merit, who have no Pretence,
Sworn Friends to Dulness, and *sworn Foes to Sense*.
Nor need we doubt, whilst *Appius* has the Sway,
But *mighty Dunces* will gain Ground each Day.

Staunch blundering Dunces of right *Spaniel Breed*, }
Who'll ne'er *forsake* the Man by whom they're *fee'd*, }
But plunge thro' *thick and thin* in Time of Need. }

Amongst

Amongst this *gloomy* Crew, this *hireling* Band,
 Well taught to *fetch* and *carry* at Command,
 First virtuous *P—t* our Attention claims,
 The *best* of *Husbands*, to the *worst* of *Dames* :
Poor Man! had but his *Plot* successful prov'd,
 How he'd been eas'd of one he never lov'd !
 To his Misfortune that was not his Lot,
 He was not born the Day *before* the *Plot*.

However 'twas *well* meant, th' Attempt was brave,
 And shews him not to *Principles* a *Slave*.
 Just such *staunch Servants* some *Great Men* desire,
 Who ne'er will *flinch*, whatever they require.

But not alone does *P—t* serve the Cause,
 With him a num'rous servile Clan he draws ;
 All ready broke, and disciplin'd to Hand,
 To *Sp—k* or *V—e* at *Appius'* Command ;
 Had he but gain'd a few more such such Supplies,
 He had not mourn'd his *darling* lost *Ex—se*.

Then *C—l* next his *venal* Forces brings,
 A *supple* Clan, which from the *Highlands* springs ;

*All craving Wights, true Friends to APPPIUS' Cause,
Whilst He's in Power, and his Purse-Strings draws ;
But should the Giant once be in Disgrace,
The fawning Slaves wou'd turn, and curse him to his Face.*

Nor are these all of C-l-d-n-n Breed,
By Giant APPPIUS maintain'd and feed'd ;
Numbers behind, of the same truckling Race,
Numbers, to human Nature a Disgrace,
Demand in our *Dunce-Catalogue* a Place. }

A—rs, M—os, H—ns, and G—t,
Gentry, who think no Sin so great as Want.
These Trusty S—ts with Interest repay,
The Ills from us they've suffer'd since that Day,
When their br-b-d Members gave their Liberties away. }

How does their Nation now that Loss deplore,
Greater than e'er they suffer'd heretofore,
When the dire Terrour of our Edward's Arms,
Throughout their trembling Land, spread wide Alarms !
Oh ! let us, grown by their Example wise,
Be warn'd how we our Freedom sacrifice !
That few'l once lost was never yet regain'd,
Let us not then by our own V—s be chain'd.

Ask All, the *French*, the *Swedes*, the *Danes*, if they,
Cou'd they recover theirs, wou'd give't away ?

But to the *Dunces* let's return again,
Since num'rous *Blunderers* unsung remain,
Who of Neglect shall have no Reason to complain. }

Shall *C——h*, new grac'd with *S---pe's* Spoils
With *APPIUS* lift, and I not sing his *Toils* ?
Toils much more *glorious*, in our *peaceful Wars*,
Where there's no *Danger*, but of *Venus' Scars*,
Than those where tempting *Death*, from *hostile Hands*,
His *great* Forefather fought on *C——s* Sands.
O ! did he live in these our *happy Days*,
How wou'd he launch out in his *Kinsman's Praise* !

Nor will I *Timon's Heir* forget to sing,
Rewarded for his *Service* with a *String* :
Go on, *gay Knight*, by *Services* so plac'd,
In Time you'll *equal* your *good Sire* in *Taste*.

See gentle *B——n* next a Place demands,
Inlisted likewise in the *venal Bands* ;

Little his *Dad*, the *honest Merchant* thought,
He wou'd to *v---e* for an *Ex--se* be brought.

Lo! in the next Place an Embroider'd Knight,
By a *Red Ribbon* made a *Profelyte* ;
Where *Reason* and *Religion* wou'd have *fail'd*,
Strange Force of Fancy ! a *Red String* prevail'd.

But *C---y* had almost escap'd my Song,
Tho' none more *zealous* in the *gloomy Throng*, }
To *trample down* what's *Right*, and *vindicate* what's *Wrong* : }
Persist, gay *Statesman* in these *arduous Toils*,
So shalt thou have thy *Share of Patriots Spoils*.

Young *Noodle* next demands Pre-eminence,
Who, like his *Dad*'s at open War with *Sense* ;
But then for Courage who'll with him compare,
When, with *two Noodles* more, he *cudgell'd one poor Play'r*.

Foremost among that *venerable Band*,
Of *solemn Dunces*, behold *B---- stand*, }
A *Saint* who never *broke* the *Sev'nth Command*. }
What tho' he's *covetous* of *Worldly Pelf*?
His *Neighbour's Wife* he *loveth* as himself.

But

But being fearful of the Morning Air,

“ He leave’s to tatter’d Crape the Drudgery of Pray’r.

Nor let sagacious *W*— be forgot,
 In florid Speech who seconded the *Plot*,
 For which poor *A*—y went to Pot.
 And well it was that *Prelate* was sent hence,
 Who was *fast-leagu’d* with *Wits* and *Men of Sense*,
 Sworn *Foes* to *APPIUS*, and his *blund’ring Tools*,
 Under whose Auspices this Isle he rules.

Fain wou’d I *H*— spare thee the *Disgrace*,
 Of shewing with such *Blunderers* thy Face,
 But thy *ENQUIRY* *dooms* thee to the Place.
 Next Time you write, let *Reason* guide your *Pen*,
 Nor *prostitute* your *Character* for *Gain* :
 Yet have you not the *Prize* for which you waited,
 You *hop’d*, like *Enoch*, to have been *translated*.

In the next Place comes *equitable* —,—,
 That *uncorrupted*, and *Law-learned* Sage,
 At once the *Shame* and *Glory* of the Age.
 He ne’er, by arbitrary Statesmen, *gain’d*,
 The *Laws* t’ *oppress* unhappy *Culprits* *strain’d* ;

Nor

Nor did the Cause of LIBERTY *betray*,
 By *fining* Pris'ners *more* than they can pay,
 Witnes poor —— but the other Day.

After him —— *justly* claims a Place,
 Than whom none ever *more* the *Bench* did *grace* ;
 On *publick* Festivals whilst *Bonfires* *blaze*,
 His *City Charge* shall be *remember'd* to his Praife :
 Babes yet unborn shall echo out his Name,
 When e'er a *R----e's* committed to the *Flame*.

But not to dwell on these *Great Men* too long,
 Others of *equal Worth* demand our Song.
 View yonder *Levee*, where such Numbers wait,
 Right *cringing Slaves*, *true Dunces* of the State ;
APPIUS o'er all has *equal Influence*,
 Some *Titles gain'd*, some *Places*, and some *Pence*.

'Mongst these *S---A---'s* comes his *Court* to pay,
 Careless of *Fame*, so *Profit* leads the Way ;
 Not so his *Sire*, who all his Posts *resign'd*,
 Rather than give *one Vote* against his Mind,
 Or with *sworn Foes* against his *Country* be combin'd.

Are my Eyes true, is *S—e* also stray'd !
 Has he the Cause of *Liberty* betray'd !
 My Sight deceives me sure, it cannot be,
 'Tis not in Nature possible that he,
 Whose witty Ancestor, *Apollo's Care*,
 Proclaim'd against all DUNCES mortal War,
 And made for *Liberty* such glorious Stands,
 Shou'd *list* with *APP IUS* in his *venal Bands*.

Content to *bear* his *Yoke*, and *own* his *Sway*,
 See *R---d* too the BLUNDERER obey ;
 And certainly he *judges* very *right*,
 His *Yoke* is *easy*, and his *Burthen* *light* ;
 I mean to *Those* who for him *v—e*, or *write*.

Neither does *M--rs*, or *d-G--y* disdain,
 To *crowd* his *Levee*, and enlarge his *Train* ;
 But sure his — will not *always* reign.
 Tho' now he like an *over-bearing Flood*,
Sweeps down before him all that's *Great* and *Good*.
 'Tis not to *B—y*, or to *Cunning* giv'n,
 To ward off *Justice*, when 'tis *edg'd* by *Heav'n*.
 Full oft a *Meteor*, tho' exhal'd to th' Skies,
Falls to the *Earth*, and *falling*, *stinks* and *dies*.

Who

Who next of *Fortune's Fav'rites* claims a Place ?
Dunces I sing, a *servile gloomy Race*,
And see, in Shoals, how they advance apace.

P—, the Offspring of a *godlike Sire*,
Who never gave *one single V—e* for *Hire*,
Older and *Wiser* grown, thinks 't no Disgrace
To *prostitute* his *C——e* for a *Place*.

Nor shall enribbon'd *L—r* 'scape my Song,
Inlisted likewise in the *venal Throng* ;
Had *great Sir Philip* liv'd in this our Day,
He wou'd not have inlisted thus for *Pay*:

T—e next appears a *supple Wight*,
Deep learned in Intrigues and *Deeds of Night*.
His Country's *Good*, had he but half so well
Study'd, in *Senates* how wou'd he *excel* ?

Fain wou'd I spare the Youth, who, *nobly* born,
Accepts the *Spoils* from honest *C——n* torn ;
His *Sire* to *APP IUS* bore *inve[r]ate Hate*,
And wou'd have *crush'd* him, if not *snatch'd* by *Fate* :

How

How much more *Christian* than the *Sire*, the *Son* ;
 To help *support* the *Man*, his Father *tumbled down* !

M—d next to be enroll'd requires,
 Whom his Sire's *excellent Example* fires ;
 Go on bright *P—r*, and tread in Paths the same,
 So shalt thou with him merit *equal Fame*.

Nor shall the *P—r* escape, of Fame assur'd,
 Whom *wav'ring* late a *Ribbon blue* secur'd ;
 Pleas'd with his *Leading-String*, he's chang'd in Note,
 And will for *APPIUS* either *speak*, or *v---e*.

L—n next appears to swell my Song,
 I' th' *mercenary Bands* *inlisted* long ;
Regardless he of *popular Applause*,
 Still *drudges servile* on in *APPIUS* Cause.

Next *T—n* the *upright* comes in View,
 Always to *Int'rest* and to *APPIUS* true ;
Happy the Nation where such *Chiefs* preside
 In Council, and her *awful Senate* guide !

But

But see *C—s* in the *bireling Train*,
 Inur'd to *v--e*, as *Swissers* fight for *Gain* ;
 Poor *Britain* ! Which such Troops are forc'd to pay,
 As *v--e* thy *Liberties* each Hour away.

See *self-admiring O--* next advance,
 Skill'd in his Youth t' excel in Dress and Dance ;
 What now do those Accomplishments avail,
 When caught in *M—ge-Trap* he hangs his *T--l* !
 Justly has Heav'n ordain'd to scourge the *F--l*,
 Who was a *Tool* of *Pow'r*, shou'd be a *Woman's Tool*.

See *H—t* next in League with *APP IUS* join'd,
 Erst his *sworn Foe*, tho' since he's chang'd in Mind ;
 Brought over by a *P—ge* and a *String*,
 A *Ribbon* sure's a strange *perswasive* Thing.

Him *M—n* follows close, a *servile Hack*,
 As *Pack-Horse*, *Pack-Horse* follows in a Track ;
 To *Show*, and *Title* both alike inclin'd,
 'Gainst *Truth* and *Reason* both alike combin'd ;
 Both by the self-same Arguments were won,
 With both a *P—ge* did what *Sense* cou'd ne'er have done.

L—l and *M—n*, next to him succeed,
 So from one *Fly-Blow Scores* of *Maggots* breed ;
 To *APPIUS'* Favour both have like Pretence,
 Since neither ever *deviates* into *Sense*,
 Nor can one of the other claim Pre-eminence.

On *titled Dunces* I have dwelt full long,
Dunces of *meaner Rank* now claim my Song.
 Tho' not so *great* in Rank, not *less* in Fame,
 Nor of *less Use* in playing *APPIUS'* *Game* ;
 All *right Court-Cards* and ready at *Command*,
 For if his *Game* you rightly understand,
 The *KNAVES* are still the *best Cards* in his Hand.

Amongst *these E—s* demands the *foremost Place*,
E—s not *dejected* by his late *Disgrace* ;
 Second in *Guilt* to none but *APPIUS*, as in *Brass*.
 Happy was it for him, the *other Day*,
 That *APPIUS* his *great Patron* had the *Sway* ;
 And *bent* his *trusty Favourite* to *save*,
 Exerted all his Pow'r to *SKREEN* the *K—e* ;
 Warded the *Storm* from off his *guilty Head*,
 And let it *burst* on others not so *bad*.

Thus

Thus the fam'd Jonathan, to Thieves well known,
 Wou'd daily truss up Villains not his own ;
 Whilst his own Gang effectually he SKREEN'D,
 And with them good Intelligence maintain'd :
 Go on my trusty Reprobates, said he,
 Nor fear a shameful End at Tyburn-Tree ;
 Whilst you are brisk and ready at a Job,
 Securely under my PROTECTION Rob ;
 Nor doubt your Safety, or my Influence,
 Whilst BRIBERY prevails, and you bring in the Pence.

B—b the venal next let's celebrate,
 The servile Tool of every K—e of S---e ;
 With, whom nor Principle, or Honour weigh,
 When put in Competition with C--rt-Pay.

But B—n see to Wit turn'd Renegade,
 And join'd with DUNCES, has Wit's Cause betray'd ;
 Well judg'd ; who wou'd not prefer B—s to Bays ?
 And a good heavy Purse to empty Praise.

In the next Place P—s and B—r view,
 Brave Sons of Mars ! To Gold and APPIUS true ;

Who

Who that these *Tars*, no Conscience Use can say,
Since as they cannot *fight*, they'll *v--e* for *Pay* ?

To *B*—*y* next let's turn our *wond'ring Eyes*,
Who, than his *honest Ancestor more wise*,
And by a *P---ge* tempted *v--es* for an *Excise* ;
Tho' nothing the proud Title shou'd him cost,
He'd find it *dearly bought at Honour lost*.

O blasting Sight, do I a *C*—*ll* see,
Combin'd against his Country's *Liberty* ?
'Tis well *great M—o'* sleeps now in's *Grave*,
Who *fought* so oft our *Liberties to save* ;
How wou'd he *blush* now were he to arise,
And see his *Kinsman v--e* for an *Ex--se* !

D—*n* next appears a *supple 'Squire*,
Whom wise Men laugh at, and whom Fools admire ;
Fain wou'd the *wealthy Dunce* a *Wit* be thought,
But that's a *Title* is not to be *bought*.
Nor need there *greater Proof* that he's no *Wit*,
Than that with *APPIUS* he's a Favourite.

There

There *pigmy E*—be view with Aspect grave,
 To *APPIUS* and to *Avarice* a *Slave* ;
 In vain by *Gravity* for wise he'd pass,
 The *gravest* of all *Creatures* is an *Ass*.

Next *H*—y's doughty *Second* see appear,
 As void of *Sense*, as he wou'd seem of *Fear* ;
 Blest *APPIUS* ! who such *Champions* maintains,
 They need not dread the *knocking out* their *Brains* !

Yonder advances *F*—ue the *Dull*,
 To *APPIUS* an *obsequious* humble *Tool* ;
 Else wou'd not he a *Brother* see oppres'd,
 And yet no *generous* *Anger* fire his Breast.

Go on my *supple C*—l, *shut* thine *Eyes*,
 And to thy *Int'rest* all *T H I N G S* sacrifice ;
 So mayst thou rise in Time to be a *Chief*,
 And in *Terrorem* hang each *petty Thief*.

Him follows close a *D U N C E* of *Quality*,
 To side with *APPIUS* drawn by *Sympathy* ;

O had he on that Day our *Laureat* been,
When th' *Ex--se Bill* fell ne'er to rise again !
Then shou'd he write it's *Fun'r'al Elegy*,
And mourn its *Downfal* from a *HOLLOW TREE*.

Advance *L--p* nor need'st thou be ashame'd,
To be with such a Tribe of *D U N C E S* nam'd ;
Thou who *alone H--r--o* didst *excel*,
And for *Politeness* bear away the Bell ;
Thou who didst let *admiring Nations* see,
A *Hottentot* of *English Progeny*,
The *Proof* of *APP I U S*' great *Sagacity*.

With *M--t* my Pen I will not foul,
But leave him to be well chastis'd by *C---e* ;
For sure that Wretch deserves no better Fate
Who gives his *V--e* to ruin a free State.

How prone to swerve from *Virtue* are Mankind !
O--w behold with *APP I U S* combin'd !
How are our Hopes by this Alliance cross'd !
The *Man* of *Honour* in the *Courtier*'s lost :
In Time he may the *curs'd Exchange* deplore,
Of *Innocence* giv'n up for *Wealth* and *Power*.

P—y the next claims in our Verse a Place,
 Fast leagu'd with *APP I U S* and his *blundering Race* ;
 How *weak* is *Blood*, where *stronger Int'rest* draws !
 Else wou'd not he support the *servile Cause* ;
 Nor wou'd his *honest Brother* grieve to see,
 So near a *Friend*, so link'd with *Infamy*.

Him *Y—k* and *T—t*, follow Hand in Hand,
 Firm *Friends* to *APP I U S* and his *bireling Band* ;
 O *Eloquence* and *Learning* misapply'd !
 With *Vice* to *v--e*, with *Villany* to side !

Still there remains *unsung* a num'rous Crew,
 To *D U L N E S S*, and to *APP I U S* ever true,
 Whose *worthless venal Names* should I rehearse,
 My *Ink* 'twou'd *stain*, and 'twou'd *defile* my Verse;
Unsung then let them still remain for me,
 I am not *fond* to *rake* in *Infamy*.

F I N I S.

(or)

the Venerable Father of the Order of St. Francis
of Assisi, who was born at Assisi in Umbria, Italy, in the year 1181.
He was educated at the University of Bologna, where he studied Canon Law
and Philosophy, and was ordained a priest in 1205. He then became a friar
of the Franciscan Order, and dedicated his life to the service of God and man.
He traveled extensively throughout Italy, preaching the gospel and ministering
to the poor and sick. He died at Assisi in 1226, having spent his life in
service to others.

St. Francis of Assisi was a saintly man who lived a simple life
and taught the principles of humility, poverty, and charity. He
taught that all creatures were created by God and should be
treated with respect and kindness. He also taught that
the love of God and neighbor was the greatest commandment.
He is the patron saint of animals, ecology, and the environment.
He is also the patron saint of Italy and the Franciscan Order.



FRANCIS

